

# UTOPIAN

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# *K. L. L. L.* The Utopian

Vol. 1, No. 2

A Journal of Anti-Jacobin Opinion

November 1971

"It is even my opinion that revolutionary children are not desirable from any point of view"

Freud

## The GREAT AMERICAN Nightmare

by William Lottes

I have had so many people ask me about my experiences in the Army, that I have decided to write a series of short articles.

Most of the men over 18 know of the hilarity of preinduction physicals so I shall dispense with the preliminary (the big sergeant and interesting associates).

A letter happens upon your doorstep. In the left corner is the big chicken saying official Government Business. Great indecision now takes over--open, burn or lie about your age and run (the latter is most sensible).

Finally the letter automatically opens (for all you Mission Impossible fans) and out falls this beautiful(?) sick-green computer card. On closer examination you find that you have been given a free ticket to the "country club" of basic training centers - Fort POLK (whoppy).

The weight of the envelope isn't quite right. Upon further examination you will find a white piece of paper, (11.77" by 8.52" close enough for government work). The top part of the letter states "Department of the Army, Pentagon, Washington, D.C. (the boss) Official!"

You must now know where these orders are going. So, the paper tells you: "From the commander to the commander from the commander to the commander, etc." All clear now?

In the Army there must always be a reason. Your reason states - "Training; Fort Polk, Luis." (God rest your weary bones).

Who is the poor man - look hard at your piece of paper. That's right - Oh, my God, it's you! Now you're being more careful. The next item interests you - eight lines of numbers, none of which make sense. Later you realize these numbers tell about your whole life - how much salt you use; how much beer you drink; how many sheets of toilet paper you use. Finally, the commander's name from the Pentagon (probably an alias so he doesn't get killed).

On the bottom of this cheery note is a form number DA711723z (you will learn: everything must be classified).

You now belong to Uncle Sam.

You try to get a good night's sleep.

Next issue - Basic training or Survival of the Fittest.

(please see reverse side)

William Lottes served in the U. S. Army for 20 months, ending this last September 10. He is still a member of the Army Reserves with the Mos of 91c (Physician's Assistant). Mrs. William Lottes

An Open Letter to Manuel Auli and Hector Cortijo

Dear Manuel and Hector,

I'm writing this letter in response to your articles which appeared in the last issue of that journalistic stanchion, the Red Tide. Believe me, it's been tough trying to figure out what to write in this letter, since I'm not quite sure what you gentlemen were trying to tell me, if, indeed, you were trying to tell me anything at all. I'm disposed to listen to whatever anyone has to say, as long as they're really saying something.

It was hard for me to see anything in your article but racist accusations, Manuel. And it is tough for me to get past your toilet paper metaphors, Hector, and glean any genuine attempt to communicate.

Your conclusion interested me, Manuel. You stated that lack of rapport and interaction are the problems. You said: "We are all living together." Was that a typographical error or a simple case of mistaken tense? Who is living together?

Am I mistaken or don't the Blacks and Latins have their own dorms? Don't misunderstand. I don't mind. Why anyone would want the third floor of Tewksbury is beyond me, but you're welcome to it. Is that your idea of striking up rapport?

And how could I describe the heart-warming scene in the Dining Commons between Latins, Blacks and Whites? "Separate tables," maybe?

You spout your rhetoric, you feed me words, but where is the substance of your declamations?

Again, don't misunderstand. I'm not blaming you for this absence of interaction. Please open your eyes and realize that we are all responsible. Believe me, you don't even have to be "Forever Latin" to see what's all around you.

There is a total lack of communication on this campus. No one is interested in engaging in dialogues. The Budget Meeting was a prime example of this fact: Everyone had plenty to say, but no time to listen. I'm not calling for interaction, dear friends, just honesty. Your articles represented no advances toward interaction. If you knew anything about public relations, Hector, you'd know that the article you wrote inspires only nasty responses. It engenders no inclination for dialogue.

That's precisely why I wrote this letter. If nothing else, your article told me that you have nothing to say. I'll talk to you if you like, but I have no desire to engage you in dialogue. (continued on next page)

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The Utopian is published monthly by the Calvin Coolidge Society.

Editors: Richard Harding  
Lindsay Hill  
Robert Morgen

Contributors: Jura Burdink  
S. Hopson Fairbairn  
Michaela Hahn  
Lawrence Levine  
William Lottes  
John Malnichuck  
Richard Tedesco  
Ira Toledo  
Frank Weinberg

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Address all letters to:  
The Utopian, Box 929

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(cont. from p. 2, col. 2)

I found it amusing that you mocked someone else's ability to write. Re-read your own article, Hector.

It doesn't bother me if your objective is to produce half-baked editorializations, consistent with the rest of the articles in the Dread Tide. Just be aware that half-baked editorials are what they are. Nothing more, nothing less.

If you want to communicate, take a Wasp to lunch, or just eat dinner with one. Better yet, have a beer with a kike. Adolph won't mind. It might do you both good, and it won't even hurt. Much.

That's all I have to say. Nothing more, nothing less.

Disaffectedly yours,

Ira Toledo

\* \* \* \* \*

Education and Easy Truths  
by Richard Harding

At one time, incredibly enough, the purpose of education lay in assisting and instructing one in the development of his mind. Now, of course, higher priority is accorded to other considerations. Among these one finds the propensity of certain teachers to try to ingratiate themselves with students, the use of educational facilities to formulate rigid dogmas and impose them on others, and the expectation on the part of certain students that teachers should rise above their usual capacities and become pale imitations of gurus, leading confused disciples from the darkness of alienation to the light of perfect life adjustment.

In tendencies of this variety one having the slightest acquaintance with intelligent thinking finds immense contradictions, outright absurdities, and other ineptitudes.

The perpetrators of these, however, have no time for analytic scrutiny, especially if it is applied to their pet theory or mode of activity. After all, one of them might say, life is a lot easier than subversive elements like authentic thinkers make it out to be. All one really needs is to find an idea, cause, or lifestyle that is exceedingly easy for the mind to grasp and espouse it furiously. In this manner one experiences instant fulfillment.

The difficulties of this line of non-thought are especially evident in connection with causes committed to totally curing the ills of society. An ordinary member of one of these will often begin his commitment in a class where he has learned a nice, systematic method for analysing cultures and societies. At one point he suddenly feels inspired; he finally has a purpose in life. So, he sets out to reform the human race according to the models he has learned. Of course he misses the small incongruity that his freshly adopted views have nothing to do with the views and aspirations of whomever he is trying to reform; he intends to give people happiness whether they want it or not. There he stands, in the extraordinarily privileged and cloistered position of the American college student, telling people whose lives are far different from his own how they should conduct them. However, if someone were to criticise the arbitrariness of these views he would be dismissed for playing petty intellectual games. This rhetorical trick is quite an evasion of the point. Perhaps a critic of a true believer is not concerned merely with cleverly playing the role of Sophist. Rather, he may feel that his ideological friend is willfully disposing his mind and forcing others to conform to this disposition.

Students might be less inclined to fall into this kind of blind faith if they made use of opportunities to develop the faculty of independent, critical thinking. Sur-

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(cont. from p. 3, col. 2)

prisingly enough there ~~exist~~ teachers who provide these. Along with them, however, one finds those numbers who are too busy serving as classroom entertainers or pretending to be moral prophets to offer anything along this line. To these centers of attraction students flock, as they constitute the path of least resistance, especially when contrasted with genuine professionals who challenge their students to meet high standards of scholarly integrity and intellectual self-discipline. So, the blind continue leading the blind into the oblivion of moral and intellectual self-indulgence.

Now it is often said that an education that emphasizes training of the mind reflects an indifference to the problems of life outside the academic cloister. Of course one who makes this criticism is strongly implying that he knows the nature and extent of these problems and has some idea of their solution. One asks, however, how he is so sure of himself in this regard. There always exists the possibility that when one looks at a problem he will project his wishes, fantasies, and preconceptions onto it and will not see it for what it is in itself. Or, one may see a problem in something where it does not exist. One can avoid these mistakes only if he has developed his mind to the point where he can view things with some integrity and sense of proportion. To this end the training of the mind is an invaluable aid. Numerous educational authorities in America virtually rejected this idea a few decades ago. The amount of foresight and quality of thinking involved in this decision are now apparent to all.

# # # # #

Women's Liberation as Seen by a  
Passive Sex Object  
by Michaela Hahn

There was a time in my early youth when the term 'Women's Liberation' implied an essentially political movement concerned primarily with wage systems

and birth control ~~laws~~. Imagine my surprise, therefore, upon discovering that these aims are purely secondary, even assuming they are possible prior to the accomplishment of the true goal: namely, the enlightenment of the entire human race.

Please do not misunderstand me. I, in no way, object to the prospect of an enlightened humanity. I am merely questioning the efficacy, as a guide to this state, of what appears to be a segregated encounter group.

Perhaps it is unreasonable of me to expect men to be welcome at a Women's Liberation meeting. After all, just because some men are sympathetic doesn't mean they are sympathetic. The most common justification of this exclusion is that the presence of men would, for some girls, inhibit the honest discussion of personal problems. It would be unkind of me to suggest that any girl so inhibited is not as liberated as she thinks she is; therefore, I shall not suggest such a thing. I shall merely comment that in any attempt at mutual understanding it is convenient to have the second party present.

But is mutual understanding between the sexes necessarily a goal of Women's Liberation? The political aims, if they still exist, are purely materialistic. The emotional aim appears to be basically to help women "get their heads together," an aim that has little or nothing to do with understanding, or even caring, where male heads are at. This approach may seem self-centered, but almost any approach to life or any aspect of it is, in the long run, self-centered. The validity of the approach can only be judged by how well it enables one to work outward from that self. I am certainly willing to assume that someday all the women's liberators will come out of their consciousness raising meetings and use their newly raised consciousness to relate to men. At least, I hope they will.

If I seem less than sympathetic, it is because I am skeptical of any attempt to  
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(cont. from p. 4, col. 2)

find individual freedom by joining a group. Perhaps skeptical would be less accurate than terrified, as anyone who has read Eric Hoffer's True Believer will understand. Please do not take the last allusion too seriously. Aside from a minor desire to impose their prejudices upon others, I see no parallels between Women's Liberation and the Nazi party. I do, however, suspect that the clique-like atmosphere of such a gathering might lead to self-complacency and the tendency to throw all blame for one's troubles on some outside party, in this case, men, parents being out of fashion.

But even assuming that Women's Liberation avoids such pitfalls, may I ask where this movement obtained its patent on romantic and/or sexual problems? (I am assuming that the problems dealt with are essentially romantic and/or sexual, as, if they are not, Women's Lib has even less claim upon them.) Consider the age old story that the girl has been hurt, but I can not grant that she is a victim of male supremacy, as I have met many boys who have been hurt, wounded even, by the influence of a less than considerate female. Perhaps Women's Liberation would claim this problem also, as within their domain, on the grounds that a truly liberated woman would not go around hurting boys. But if so, they are extending their rhetoric to the point of saying, "If people weren't so sick, they wouldn't go around hurting one another." A brilliant and original conclusion. Possibly even a fundamental truth. Forgive me if I fail to grasp what Women's Liberation is going to do about it. A 'Dear Abby' column seems an equally valid solution.

One might gather from this rather bitter diatribe that I oppose Women's Liberation, at least, as it exists at Bard. At the risk of exposing my egotism, I would like to state that my mind is quite sufficiently liberated. I am simply look-

ing for an essentially political movement concerned primarily with wage systems and birth control laws. It is a great pity that this organization is too busy freeing its head to take an interest in all that.

# # # # #

To the Editors:

I have a suggestion to make, without the faintest idea of how it will be received. I propose that with the advent of colder weather the front door of the coffee shop be locked. Though a terrific inconvenience, the advantages of keeping the damn door closed are overwhelming. As it is now, each new arrival brings with him at best a blast of cold air. That's "at best," meaning he shuts the door promptly. What's worse is not knowing whether THIS new arrival will close the door at all, so that a sense of imminent annoyance looms over every mid-winter coffee shop conversation. If indeed the door remains open, there's the further annoyance of either being rude about it or closing it yourself. Since winter inevitably condemns us all to confined spaces with too many people, anything to alleviate the general irritability would be a blessing.

I realize an idea of this nature introduces all sorts of inconvenience. For one thing, it means that those strolls through the coffee shop to see who's there acquire the embarrassing necessity of going out the same door you came in. However, God knows it can't be worse than that horrible search for a table at Adolph's; we'd all have to find our own excuses as we stand in the doorway. More practically speaking, it prolongs the agony of being outside in miserable weather when every moment is torture. Yet for those few moments we'd all have to bear, think of the deliciousness of uninterrupted warmth and, indeed, of tranquil conversations in the middle of December. That would be a luxury worthy of suffering.

Kathleen Diffley

Take the Money and...

by Rich Tedesco

One of the most recent enriching experiences I've had here at Bard was attending the open post-allocation meeting of the Budget Committee. Everyone flocked to the meeting with plenty to say and with the intention of religiously ignoring what anyone else had to say. Just about everyone succeeded too, the result being that all those present said a lot of nothing. The enriching part for me was the manner in which each person expressed their sacred little chunk of nothing while astutely not listening to what his fellow orators-in-residence weren't saying.

Confusing? A waste of time? Typical? You bet.

The problem was one of communication. There wasn't any.

The ostensible reason for the meeting was a petition with 285 signatures of Bard students, expressing dissatisfaction over the Budget Committee's apportionment of convocation allocations. It stated that more funds should be allocated to the areas of literature, drama, dance, art, science and humanities. It was vague and poorly worded, verbal diarrhea in its most essential form.

The significance of the petition, which Luther Douglas so eloquently pointed out, was the not-so-vague presence of 285 names representing 285 real people.

The initial mistake of the gathering was that no attempt was made to specifically clarify how the funds should be re-apportioned. The second, and equally gross error, was that no attempt was made to seek clarification. The room was instant hostility from the moment that obscenity, "re-apportion" was mentioned.

Immediately, the word (I dare not utter it again) was interpreted as a racial attack

by the blacks and latins. What brilliant logic! Consider if you will: how many organizations received allocations of over \$1200.00? Answer: six. How would it not be possible to consider the Black and Latin American Organizations among those which might be able to take a cut in allocations? Most of the other large-allocation organizations are eliminated from this consideration by their very nature.

Take the Film Committee for example. Film Committee is already finding it necessary to cut two of the better films from its schedule because of the difference between its budget request and recommended allocation. The more funds cut, the less films we have this semester. Movies here at Bard are one of the few activities which are, on the whole, well attended.

I'm not trying to give the shaft to the Black and Latin American Organizations by saying this. I mention them because at the meeting their members seemed the most intimidated. Paranoically defensive might be a more apt description. Yes, these organizations are culturally enriching, but if 285 students wish to re-apportion funds for other culturally enriching activities, are they necessarily racist?

If any of you reading this wish to call me a racist, feel free. Scream it if you like. I have no time to pay heed to that time-honored form of non-communication known as name-calling, if that is the form of communication in which you choose to indulge. Allow me to remind you, though, that it is that non-communication which causes pleasant events like the Budget Meeting.

It cannot be said, however, that the activities sponsored by the Black and Latin American Organizations suffer from lack of interest any more than any of the other funded organizations. However there is one organization which has received little examination.

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The Observer (or the Red Sea or the Red Tide or whatever you want to call it) comprises a membership of approximately 20, not all consistent. In case you hadn't noticed the Red Tide costs \$3795.00 to put it out for the entire semester. Now the fact that you read it means that it holds some interest for you. But would you care about it if it weren't there? Would you miss it if it weren't shoved under your nose each week as a supplement to your steam-soggy Slater dinner?

My guess is that you wouldn't. Because so few people write for this publication, it becomes a weekly struggle to obtain material. Of course the Rip Tide staff does not exactly bust its collectively cliquish ass to make you, average Bardite, aware of the fact that it welcomes articles from any source. This paper, the official organ of communication on this campus, is itself an example of the non-communication that exists here.

You have to instill interest in activities before you need worry about maintaining interest.

You do not instill interest, dear Senators, by allocating absolutely nothing to new organizations. True, there is a severe lack of money. But would the Traditionalist Club, for example, have been funded if there were abundant resources available? It would not have been funded.

Dare I make such a judgment? Dare I suggest that our dear Senators merely wish to maintain the status quo? Do I detect a pungent odor of Conservatism in the air? What a singular fragrance in an atmosphere of such radical political fibre!

You also do not instill interest, dear Black and Latin American Organizations, by telling me that the money you use is solely for my education and gratification.

Why then, such violent reactions at talk of re-apportionment of funds?

Altruism, as an entity at Bard, is absent.

That is why I, personally, signed the petition. I want to see a group of people like those in the Traditionalist Club receive funds. That particular organization should be funded for the sheer reason of diversification! Its membership is at least as extensive as the Observer staff. But it is precisely for that reason of diversification that it would never be funded here.

I am well aware of the fact that the Observer was funded as the result of a direct referendum. But that referendum was of a sinister nature, since it neglected to even mention the Observer's requested allotment.

In case you're wondering what my incisive solution to all this is. I may as well tell you I have none. In case you're wondering why I wrote this article, I thought you should know about all this.

Why have I no solution? Because the Budget Committee already did all of us the favor of deciding the issue.

It was announced toward the end of the open Budget Debate that the Senate had already voted to maintain the budget as recommended. Their primary reason, as far as I could discern, was that no previous Committee had ever reconsidered its allocation recommendations. They voted not to cut budgets below recommendations. Very commendable. The Bard Student Senate standing on tradition.

Well, I suppose the masses are too ignorant to decide anyway. Eh Senators?

What do you think, ignorant masses?

# # # # #

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Principles of Alienation\*

prepared by the  
Calvin Coolidge Society

1. Only inflict grief on someone else for a just cause, the criteria for justice being determined by the whim or fancy of the moment.
2. Increase your alienation in direct proportion to your advantages in life.
3. Complain about your parents' inhumanity to their fellow men while showing no consideration or friendliness to those in your immediate contact.
4. If others smile and try to greet you, either stare blankly into space or straight down at the ground.
5. Display total apathy toward all things, for this is the surest defense against anything that might change your outlook.
6. Complain about coercion while trying as hard as possible to coerce others.
7. In your courses, only learn those things which support opinions you already hold.
8. Favor either total, immediate change for the whole human race, or lose interest in any change at all, a reasonable interest in moderate change being out of the question.
9. Criticize the entire system of giving credits or grades for academic courses, but complain vociferously if someone tries to take away some credits or lower a grade.
10. Complain of how capitalists are ripping off people, while at the same time constantly ripping off your neighbor.
11. Criticize the misuse of technology, but keep entire dorms up until four in the morning with electronic music.
12. Espouse the cause of ecology. Be careful to exempt the centers of campus life from this consideration.
13. Either do not speak to your neighbor at all, or reveal to him all your woes, anything between these extremes being totally unacceptable.
14. Nurture all neuroses and at any price avoid the dangerous responsibilities of mental health.
15. Call these rules a lot of bunk while following the lot of them to the letter.

\* Alienation: a business that has grossed 347 million in the last five years.

# # # # #

The War Against Differences

by Robert Morgen

The complaint that society is unjust is a long familiar theme among political and social radicals. That the protest has become particularly sharp in the past few years may be due to any one of many causes. Whatever the cause, radicalism has become, in the words of the late Richard Hofstadter, "irrestibly chic."

That certain injustices do in fact exist in our society is undeniable. Yet we may well be surprised at the stridency of radical rhetoric. This stridency, however, is not so unusual if it is realized that radicals are fighting against a force that is extraordinarily well entrenched. The contention here is that radicals are not merely fighting against obvious injustice. Radicals, or at least many radicals, have a deep and abiding fear of differences in human society. Their aim is to destroy and obliterate these differences in the

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hope of building a supposedly better society.

Now very few radicals will come out and say that they are against diversity. They will say, though, that they are for "complete equality," which for all practical purposes is the same thing as complete uniformity. It may be worth while to look at the areas in which this passion for sameness has found expression. An obvious area is that of the Women's Liberation movement. For promoters of this movement to protest against unfair treatment is all well and good. Yet one strongly wishes that the members of Women's Liberation would let us know what they think the proper role of the sexes should be. Are we to deny the most basic of all differences? It would seem so, when we start hearing demands that women in significant numbers must perform every task, every one, mind you, that men have been performing. Bringing this to its logical conclusion, we must envision a society where half the piano movers are female. That women, as a group (of course this does not deny the existence of the exceptional individual), have different capabilities and strengths and weaknesses from men seems hard for some radicals to recognize.

The counter-culture has likewise proved to be a strong foe of diversity. One of the chief things the members of this group have been saying (through their actions) is that they want sameness. Dress, manners, music, things liked and things disliked are expected to be as uniform as possible. One may well imagine the likelihood of a counter-culture member wearing a crew cut and liking Dick Nixon, to cite just one example. Everyone may be allowed to do their own thing, but it is perfectly well understood which "own things" are acceptable and which are not.

The growth of encounter groups in the last few years throws an interesting light on the question of diversity. Here the demand is not for "complete equality" but for "complete authenticity" or "complete honesty." What does this demand signify? Human relationships exist on different levels. We have many acquaintances to whom we reveal very little of our inner self, some friends to whom we reveal more; and only a very few or even just one individual to whom we are truly close. The encounter group movement and the "new morality" associated with it represents an attempt to break down this diversity and place all relationships on a common level. This proceeds from both ends, as it were: a deep, lifelong commitment to another individual is disparaged while we are told to lose our inhibitions with people we hardly know at all.

If we look at a community like Bard, we find the same drive toward sameness and uniformity. The "formal" dance preserves only the name of what was once a distinctive event: whereas the interest was once in a social affair that was different from the rest of the college season, the concern now is only in an event that is indistinguishable from everything else. The race to uniformity is also helped along mightily by an administration that places such a low priority on diversity that it allows the student body to become more monolithic with every passing year.

\* The sources for this statement are various. Besides the obvious observation of sameness in appearance, there is the empirically grounded fact of non-diversity in political persuasion, as well as the comments of professors referring to the lack of diversity. To put the thing into context, the reader is asked to imagine a town or city where 97% of the people were for President Nixon! Anyone who feels that there is important diversity in attitudes among Bard students is welcome to present his evidence.

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Now people may not necessarily "learn" from those who hold opposite views; yet some value inheres in simply having to recognize from day to day the existence of a sizeable number of people whose views are different. In this context, we may well consider Bard to be a major bulwark in the building of an illiberal culture.

One of the chief fronts in the war against differences, of course, is to be found in the propositions of political radicalism. Once again we hear the chimerical demand for "complete equality," particularly in regard to property. It is most necessary here to distinguish between two kinds of demand. One is the demand that every individual be fed and housed decently. This is indeed favored just as much by conservatives as by radicals; the only people likely to take exception are some unreconstructed social Darwinists on the lunatic fringe. The second demand is quite different, however. This is the one that calls for total equality of property. If the boss has two color television sets, for instance, it is presumably unfair for the "worker" to have merely one. There is no sound reason, of course, why property can or should be equal. It would make as much sense to aver that since all men must eat, they must therefore all have exactly the same amount of food.

No doubt most radicals who favor uniformity believe that this would result in a more just society. We can wait and see. Let those who favor these things construct a society based on these precepts without trying to change all society. With half of the earth covered by "bad examples" of Marxism, it might be an illuminating experience to witness a truly "good example." The conservative need not be afraid of variety. "On the contrary," as Santayana remarked, "unless variety of moral types and of ways

of living is somehow reintroduced, the qualitative riches of the community will be terribly diminished and reduced to the lowest common denominator; the principle being that no one shall enjoy anything that everybody may not enjoy with him." If the war against differences is not to succeed, we would be well advised to analyze carefully why the attempt to impose sameness and uniformity has been considered by many to represent the highest reaches of idealistic endeavor.

# # # # #

The Use of Ashes  
notes on college dope use  
Lindsay Hill

I. This was the generation. The generation that grew up with an "A" bomb hanging over its head- The generation that saw the crumbling of organized religion, and the rise of existential despair- A generation aware of unspeakable hypocrisy- Nursed on the decadence of super affluence- A generation sent through the mill of education like so many bits of laundry- The generation that did not want to be washed, that saw the need for rapid change but saw no change.

II. History is a pendulum that swings, now to the far right, now to the far left; these being closer to each other than to anything in the middle- One no better than the other. This is the generation that jumped on the pendulum as all other had, and got carried away- It was the generation that had the power to avoid this- This is the generation that got stoned.

III. It is interesting to consider drug use and the concept of freedom. "No one can tell me what to do with my life, no one can tell me what to do with my body." A slogan of our times. It is obvious very early that this concept of freedom is much closer to the American ideal, rooted in

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the idea of the "rugged individualist," than it is to the communist concept which emphasizes group cooperation and social responsibility. Drug use is an inward not outward bound activity, making it a hypocrisy when practiced by a generation of "love." Drug use is also big business, people get rich selling dope; hash is more valuable by weight than is solid gold. The use of dope reflects an attitude of decadence. Before people can smoke dope there has to be a good deal of time to waste. No one ever changed a thing by lighting up a joint. Smoking dope can be looked upon as an act of resignation. If all of this is brought together it becomes evident that to flourish dope needs: hypocrisy, decadence, affluence and a sense of hopelessness. It seems ironical that the generation which so detests these things would be the one to jump on the dope wagon.

IV. There is nothing political about dope, (outside of the issue of its illegality). Dope smoking does not promote either action or thought, and therefore must be looked upon as anti-political, and anti-philosophical. It can be an enjoyable social activity for some, but there must be better ways of getting people together. After all, a group of stoned people can never really be together, they can only be coming apart together. It has been shown in tests that people are more creative and have a more concrete level of self-awareness when they are straight. Getting stoned is not too good for the memory, ask anybody.

V. What are we doing with our lives? What have we given? How fast can a stoned man run in the fifty yard dash to self-realization and fulfillment? In a time when the world stands at a frightening crossroads when is there time to waste on self-indulgence? Where is there a place for the drugged mind? Someday we will be old. When the next generation reads about how their parents smoked away their youths, what charges will they level? How will they be answered when they ask, "What is the use of ashes?"  
# # # # #

# Ramveurian Script in the Latter Dieglian Age: A Review of the Major Theses.

S. Hopson Fairbairn

Let us chew the cuttle of malisciosity. There is no greater pleasure than to force someone other than ourselves, yes, to confront the void. This is known in cruder circles of those who take this world seriously as "brainwashing." But this is a free country, so the proper controls are lacking. Let us suppose, however (a favorite fantasy of mine) that one had the money to DO IT. Laurence Sterne considered the possibility of getting together, at a dinner party, twenty introverts. Fair. But I should like to do it under cover.

I should like to be a Professor of Anthropology, and no better place for this than Bard. I should like to give lectures. In the course of these lectures, in expounding upon the deeper subtleties of the Ramveurian Script, I should love to embarrass the heck out of my class. So that they should sweat upon contemplating the advent of the weekly class. This approach has been perfected in certain departments of this school, but for less reprehensible purposes: i.e., to teach. A lofty goal.

Bud I done wanna teach. I am content to watch the beads of nervous perspiration wind their course down the precipitous palisade of the Freshman olfactory organ. In this way does one play a trump upon the universe, for I believe that nature is basically benevolent. Yes?

One must be careful about one's approach, however, because if the victim is clever, he can turn the tide. Not to victory in the American sense, that of being BETTER or WINNING at something, but merely in the Ramveurian sense, that of coming out of the fray, perhaps bloody, but supremely glorious. As the bad man lay dying in the dust, he must have been humming "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You," in the full knowledge that someday little kids in back yards would emulate him. (cont.)

(cont. from p. 11, col. 2)

But who will ever seek to recreate the gallant life of the College President? Only a Calvinist, to be sure. Indeed, however, they have come mighty close, and in this age of laxatives, we may let them sneak away with the laurels. Because we gave them their finest hours.

Professor Hayakawa never had newspaper men interviewing him, never got letters from Bill Buckley, until he took his stand for what he believed in. But how could he believe in anything without somebody else agreeing to believe emphatically in something else. So he got Ron Reagan, who also had an interest in this, to send over some freaks from the narcotics squad to stir up a revolution. Yelling and Screaming a script that they had had ghostwritten by Tom Hayden, they tore up the town in a frightful manner, while Hayakawa and Reagan chuckled over a good claret. Their plan worked.

The hippies in town, knowing a good cause when they joined one, jumped on the bandwagon, and the rest of Junior Academia across the nation followed suit. All over the nation, the kids walked up to the President's house, shouting out they knew not what (actually, they were code-words of reassurance to the Presidents, if you comprehend). Their cigaret lighters raised on high, Righteous Indignation messing their linens, anxious to see the President start crying or forget what he was saying or at least just plain blunder, they rang the doorbell.

Out comes the kindest looking concerned elder statesman in the country, his face drawn with seriousness as WTRY pans the crowd, then focuses on the man about to speak. He clears his throat. The yelling diminishes, only a few off-color remarks remain, like a bowler getting the 7 pin. Then the President

speaks, This is his moment. His moment in history, when no matter WHAT he says, people will listen. Kingman Brewster never felt better. I could name others, and they all felt the culmination of their liberal careers when they were called upon to discuss the place of a liberal education in society today and what freedom really is all about and disagreeing but fighting to the death the right and taking a stand and making more than one thing perfectly cloudy. What a moment.

This is why students are students and teachers are teachers, yes?